

17th

A N
A C C O U N T
OF A 4139. b. 24.
L A T E R I O T
A T
E X E T E R.

*Behold I send you forth as Lambs among Wolves,
Luke x. 3.*

*Yea the Time cometh, that whosoever killeth you, shall
think that he doth God Service, John xvi. 2.*

*Blessed are you when Men shall revile you, and perse-
cute you, and shall say all Manner of Evil against
you falsely for my Sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad,
for great is your Reward in Heaven, for so persecu-
ted they the Prophets which were before ye, Matt. v.
11, 12.*

*But all these Things will they do unto you for my Name's
Sake, because they know not him that sent me,
John xv. 21.*

By J O H N C E N N I C K,

Late of READING in Berkshire.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. HART, in Popping's-Court, Fleet-Street;
and Sold by J. LEWIS, in Bartholomew-Close, near
West-Smithfield. MDCCXLV.





AN
 ACCOUNT
 OF A
 LATE RIOT
 AT
 EXETER.

WHEN I was at *Plymouth*, one of the Brethren who had been at *Exeter*, told us that the Society in *Rock's-Lane*, on *Wednesday, May the 1st*, had been sadly disturbed by some rude Persons, who threaten'd what they would do when I came back thither, &c. This Notice made me spread open before our Saviour all their Threatnings, being perswaded in my Heart that nevertheless I ought to go *Exeter*.

On the *Saturday* following I went, where the Brethren confirm'd to me what I before had heard in *Plymouth*, but were of the same Mind, that yet we should go to the Room as usual. — We committed ourselves therefore into the Lord's Hands, and went; and got to the Society-House in *Waterbury-Lane*, behind the *Guild-hall*, (which before had been a Theatre) a little before the Time, and as we waited at the Back-door, we were soon alarm'd of some Evil which was nigh, by

some Dirt thrown upon us from over a Neighbour's Wall, and by and by we saw some Men peep over from Mr. *P—rk—n's* Yard, and then we look'd up to our Saviour and enter'd the House, expecting to be disturb'd, but answer'd not one Word to those who stood threatening without.

After we began to sing, Mr. *P—rk—ns* and his Men beat a Drum, and Brass Pan, and blew a Horn, &c. under the Window, and continued so till we broke up. In the mean Time a rude Company were in the House and Galleries, who beat upon the Seats and Wainscot with their Hands and Sticks, and hollow'd to the End, and then ran out into the Street, to be ready for us as we came out. When the rest had left us, I desired the People who were serious, and all our Brethren, not to resist if any Injury or Wrong was offer'd, but to bear the Shame patiently, and remember *Jesus* in all his Sufferings, who had left us an Example, that we might tread in his Footsteps: Into his Hands I then committed them, and we parted. I and some of the Brethren went out first, and stood at the Door in the Street, and made the Sisters pass by us, some of whom they threw into the dirty Gutters, as they did some of the Brethren, and then hollow'd us out of the Street.

At this time Mr. *Kent* was push'd about, till they sprain'd his Leg. Mr. *William Gale* was tumbled in the Dirt. Mrs. *Rebecca Barret* twice thrown down, and was ready to have been torn in Pieces, but that some other Women rescued her from the Persecutors Hands. Mrs. *Lydia Sherry* had her Hat taken away, and receiv'd a violent Blow on her Shoulder. Mrs. *Mary Paramore* was struck on the Breast by one of the Men, who curs'd her, call'd her *Cennicking Whore*, and having brought her out to the rest, they push'd her from Side to Side of the Street in the Dirt, and tore off some of her Cloaths, and then struck her over the Face, and bid her go along. *Mary Naron* was also sadly thrust about, and frightened, but in the Midst of all her Trouble, our Saviour revealed himself to her with those Words, *I am thy Strength*, and from that Time she endur'd boldly. Mr. *Thomas Knight*

Knight had a terrible Blow on the left Side of his Head by a Stone: And many others were struck, and dirted, but not much hurt.

As we went in on *Sunday* Morning, there waited a Company round the Door of the House, in Number about 50, reviling all who went in, who themselves follow'd after we began to sing, and made as much Noise in the Galleries, and at the Doors, as they could, but prevailed but little, the sincere People being chiefly in the lower Seats, who heard with small Interruption: But after we came out, some Hundreds were gather'd about the Door to abuse us again. They push'd all down they could in the Gutters, both Brethren and Sisters, and jostled them to and fro the Street, hollowing worse than ever Night, and so continued till we got into other Streets, and then ceas'd.

In the Afternoon, at Five, we met again, and found many People at the Door, as in the Morning, who follow'd us in, making as much Noise as possible by flapping up and down the Seats, beating against the Wainscot, shaking the Doors, running up and down the Stairs, &c. then they pull'd down Pieces of Mortar out of the Wall, and threw among the People, beat some of the Congregation, and hollow'd all the Time, yet all below heard the Word well; and our Saviour made the Season very precious. I had scarce ended, but all who made a Noise hurried away to the Doors, and left us near a Quarter of an Hour in Peace. The Stewards then shut the Doors, and I exhorted the Brethren, if they should be ill treated, to look to him who was roll'd in Blood, spit on, buffeted, and push'd blindfold among the Soldiers, and be content to follow him through evil Report and good Report, as Lambs among Wolves. They were much affected, and in the utmost Meekness suffer'd all that afterwards befel them. While I was talking came Mr. *Richard L—th—y*, a Druggist, and one Mr. *Robert T—fs*, a Cork-cutter, with one *Thomas P—ke*, and one *B—w—n*, a Smith, who headed the Mob, and rush'd in, cursing, and swearing; split the Wainscot, burst open the Doors, and carried away all the Keys. And then

with Mr. Cl—k, a Joiner, went round to a Back-door, which was lock'd, and broke it open, and came in with a great many after them; some of whom beat and kick'd the Brethren, pull'd them by the Hair, spit on them, and hollow'd, and curs'd us with many Threatnings: As the Mob increas'd, and we were in Danger of being kill'd, we all knelt down and sung,

*Our Lives, our Blood, we here present,
If for thy Truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.*

After this I pray'd our Saviour to take Care of us, and then we went out, the Brethren going before. I believe now more than a thousand Men, Women, and Children were at the Doors, ready to use us ill. The *Three-Fun* Tavern, which was over-against us, was crouded also with Gentlemen, and all the Windows of the Houses, on both Sides of the Street; and the Streets adjoining were fill'd with Spectators. I believe such Riotting, and Noises were never before on a Sunday in *Exeter*. Our Brethren were hardly out, but they began pushing them down, and the Sisters the same, tearing their Cloaths, spitting upon them, and daubing them with Dirt, &c. thus they serv'd old and young, Women and Children; some of whom were terrified and hurt, but the most Part behav'd with the greatest Meekness in the World, so that some of the baser Sort were mov'd with Compassion; and a Gentleman coming by had Pity on us, and staid and shared with us, till all were help'd out. Then I, with the Brethren, pass'd by quite happy, and sweet in our own Souls, thro' the Midst of all the Multitude, push'd about from Side to Side, pitied but by a few, but ridicul'd by many, and made a Gazing-Stock for all thro' the City, till we came near Mr. *Kennedy's*, when our rude Company thought fit to leave us.

At this Time a good many were hurt, among whom was *Penelope Hill*, who was thrown down several Times, and kick'd very much. Also Mrs. *Paramore*

was

was struck again on her Breasts, and bruised sadly, and narrowly escaped being tumbled about in the Dirt. Mrs. *Mary Alexander* was in the same Manner insulted and abus'd, only she escap'd the Blows, but had her Cloaths torn. *Robert Williams* was beaten and kick'd on his Belly severely by Mr. *P—ke*, Mr. *L—th—y*, and others, who tore his Cloaths, and would have proceeded, but some in the House pull'd him in, and shut the Door; and it was then the aforementioned two Men broke open the Door twice. Mr. *J. Holman*, as he was coming out, was so pelted with Brickbats and Stones, &c. that he was oblig'd to turn back several Times before he could escape with his Life. Mrs. *Anne Hosgood* was thrown down in the Gutter, and there roll'd in the Mud and Filth. Mr. *John Reed*, as he was standing within-side the Door to keep it, was set upon by Mr. *R. T—fs*, Mr. *L—th—y*, Mr. *P—ke*, who after they had broke in Part of the Ceiling, and burst open the Door, caught him by the Throat and Hair, and beat him, and one pull'd off many Handfuls of Hair, and another kick'd him 5 or 6 Times till he was scarce able to stand, when they drew back from him, and he escaped till he came out, when he was tumbled about the Street like the rest of his Companions. On Monday Morning, at Five, Mr. *P—k—ns*, with several others, blew their Horn, beat their Drum, and Pans again, and some Butchers and Bakers behaved rude in the Gallery, but all the Sincere heard, and were comforted. They who persecuted came in to see if the People could hear, and when they found they could hear well, they grew tired of beating their Pans; and threaten'd to get more in the Evening, being determined to use us worse than ever.

Not long after we were come Home, some pretended that they pick'd up in the Street, behind the *Guild-hall*, a threatening Note, written by the *Methodists*, and accordingly had it cry'd, with a Reward of Two Guineas for the apprehending of the Person that wrote it. The Brethren having told us this, we got a Copy of the Note from the Cryer, which is as follows:

“ P—k—ns, and Cl—k, and L—gg—r, and C—n—h,
 “ Vengeance, Vengeance in Flames shall soon be your
 “ Portion, certain Portion, if I be hang’d, or damn’d,
 “ or curs’d.” This help’d to alarm the whole
 City, tho’ few believed it was our Doings. The same
 Morning some of the Brethren were persuaded in their
 Minds it would be right to get the Playhouse li-
 censed, and as it was Sessions, they went and de-
 clar’d their Mind in a Note to the Mayor, while
 he was on the Bench (as is the Custom) and by which
 Means many Licenses had been obtained before ;
 but after the Mayor, and others, had read it, in a-
 bout an Hour he (being somewhat indispos’d) rose up
 and went to his House, without granting a License,
 which when the Mob saw (many of whom were in the
 Hall, waiting to see what would be done) they hooted
 and holloo’d at the Brethren in the Court, and
 triumphed over them, asking, *Where is your License ?*
 and this they did so loud, that some of the Gentlemen
 were oblig’d to ask *what was the Matter ?* Who (when
 one of the Company told him) desired the People to
 be silent, but to no Purpose. The Servant of Mr. Ken-
 nedy, then fearing what would be the Consequences of
 having it neglected, went to the Mayor’s House, and
 besought him to grant the License. The Mayor still
 evaded it, saying, *Your Master should have come himself;*
 the Man told him he had never before been desired to
 do so, tho’ he had lately obtain’d many Licenses for
 Houses round about. The Mayor said, *then he should*
have put his Name to it, &c. to which the Man again
 answer’d, that tho’ in the same Way they had desired
 Licenses many Times, yet such Objections were never
 made before, and hop’d the Mayor would not refuse it
 now ; when he could not well say more, especially
 when so many Licenses had been granted in the same
 easy Way before, he frankly own’d he had been better
 advis’d, and so modestly refus’d. Mr. Kennedy then
 went to some Gentlemen of the City, to see if he could
 obtain the Proclamation to be read, or find out any
 Way to keep us from Danger, but he return’d without
 effect-

effecting any Thing. All this while *Exeter* was in a Ferment: The Persons who persecuted increas'd unaccountably, on hearing the Note before-mention'd cry'd, and the many Reports which were handed about. Some of our Friends would have kept me from going to the House that Evening, because the Mob threaten'd to murder us, but the Lord gave me no Freedom to hearken to them at all, believing verily if we had staid away, we should not have been able to walk the Streets. This, with knowing that several were already in the House, who could not come out without the Help of many, unless at the extream Peril of their Lives, made me still more willing to go, and see what the Lord would do. Accordingly Mr. *Kennedy*, myself, and several Brethren, and others went, and as we cross'd the *Forestreet*, found all in strange Confusion, also the narrow Passages were shut against us, and some crying out, *No Methodists! No Methodists!* However, at Mr. *Kennedy's* Desire, a Maid open'd the *Exchange* Door, and let us go thro' into the Lane, where the House was. It was full of Thousands, both within and without the Houses, who were all hollowing, and laughing, and crying out as at Times of electing Members of Parliament. We pass'd thro' a small Lane, made in the Midst pretty well, before they were well aware of us, till we got to the Door. They then with great Violence push'd us in, and follow'd us in a most terrible Manner with Sticks and Dirt. We began to sing that Hymn,

How favour'd are we of the Lord, &c.

While up in the Galleries, some Scores flapp'd up and down the Seats, others beat on with Sticks, others laid on the Wainscot with their Hands, others pelted us with hard Pieces of Mortar and Potatoes, others piss'd down upon the People, all hollow'd, and made so great a Noise, that I think, altho' I have seen many Mobs, and heard many Noises, I never was witness of the like; so said all the Gentlemen, who were got in by
this

this Time, but were no professed Friends. After singing out the Hymn, which we did by Book, it being impossible to be heard to name it, I left off, and went up in the Galleries, desiring all the People to go down, because the Service was now all over. One Mr. R—c—d rush'd up to me, and ask'd, *What Business I had there?* I told him it was my House, and begg'd he would go out, for that now we were going ourselves, but he push'd me over the Seats, and swore I struck him, others also said they would swear it too. And one B——t, a stout Man, came up with all his Strength, and struck me several Times on the Breast, and tumbled me over the Seats backward; the rest behaving equally rude, and finding I could prevail nothing with them, I went down again, and all the Brethren thought it best to commit them to God, and leave them. This we did after we had open'd a Casement into Mr. P—k—ns's Yard, where he had kept on with his Company to drum, and blow his Horns, all the while we were together. A Gentleman's Servant, in his Livery, was one of those he had employ'd, and without trying to hide themselves, all kept on their Work, tho' we look'd on, and took Notice of them. When we came into the Entry next the Street, we could see over the People's Heads, some of the Persecutors standing with Flower, throwing it in the People's Eyes, the rest with Mud and Filth, others with Lamp-black and Oil mingled, others with Stones, others with Sticks and Clubs, with which they used all ill that ventured out; not only this, but all fell upon them together, and thrust their Heads into their Stomachs, twisted their Legs in theirs, and then got them down in the Gutters, where they roll'd them without Regard to Age or Sex, pulling their Hair, robbing them of their Wigs, and Hats, cruelly beating them beside, till some were almost kill'd, and stifled. We were in the Passage when these Things were doing, and so could take Notice of a great deal that pass'd; tho' there was no Possibility of observing all, it was so general throughout the Streets. As we staid in the Entry, we were advis'd by some to draw back, and stay

stay till the People were dispers'd, to which we at first consented; but fearing lest as Night drew on, they might be able to do us more Mischief in the Dark, we agreed therefore to trust ourselves to the Lord, and go out thro' the Midst, and if we had not it might have been worse. For by this Time they had broke in the great outward Door, and were using Men, Women, and Children as they pleas'd. Without the least Concern or Fear we ventur'd out, and were torn one from another immediately, and beat, dragg'd by the Hair, spit upon, and tumbled in the Dirt, and pelted with Mud all the Way thro'; some of the Brethren had half their Coats tore off; others were cut by a Knife, which one held in his Hand; others had their Faces all over besmear'd with Lampblack, Dirt, Flower, and all Nastiness, others lost their Hats, Wigs, Handkerchiefs, and others their Senses. I was struck at by many Staves at once, but not hurt much, tho' my Cloaths was pull'd almost off, and my Face and Hair as tho' I had been standing in the Pillory. I was got but a little Way, but one of the Priest's Vicars pretended to be my Friend, and jostled me up into the *Turk's-Head* Inn, and then shew'd himself, and seiz'd me by the Collar, and said, *You have stole my Wig, &c.* I told him I knew nothing of his Wig, and ask'd if he could answer thus seizing me? He then let me go, but together with others got me into a low Room, in the Court of the said Inn, and there order'd the Door to be shut, with but two or three Friends with me; one of whom was a Woman, who tho' she was not mov'd with Passion, behav'd undaunted and courageous, and when the Persecutors pull'd my Hair, she releas'd me twice. Here I own I thought myself the most cruelly treated, and demanded meekly my Liberty; the Minister all the while asking me impertinent Questions, to all which I gave little or no Answer, but ask'd him if it was lawful to keep me there a Prisoner; when some curs'd me bitterly, others collar'd me, others beat me, and pull'd me by the Ear. But at last some Friends came up, forc'd open the Door, and set me at Liberty, when a Gazing-stock for Angels and Men. I went down the
chief

chief Street in *Exeter*, with my Hat off, having my Hair and Face clotted with Dirt, and Lamp-black, till I came to the Door of Justice L—, Thousands of People of all Ranks my Spectators. The Justice was at his Door when I was led along in that Shame and Disgrace, to whom I bow'd, and said, *Sir, if you are a Justice, I beg you would see how I am us'd.* He desired me to come in kindly, and would have had me took a Glas of Wine, saying, *Sir, you shall have Justice done you,* and bid me sit down in his Shop, and order'd his Servant to get me a Glas of Water, while Multitudes surrounded his Door, and hollow'd and mobb'd as before. I had not been there long but *Ed. Stone*, *Mr. Kennedy*, and *Mr. Handleigh* came in, and tho' the Justice strove with all his Might to quell the Mob by bidding them depart, and sending for Constables to appease the Uproar at his Door, yet it was to no Purpose. The Concourse still increasing, we got out at the Back-Door into another Street, and so went all to a Coffee-House, where we washed ourselves, and afterwards return'd Home followed by many. All this while the Mob was using the rest we had left behind, in the most barbarous and inhuman Manner; few of the Women escap'd without first being treated indecently, and had their Cloaths stripp'd off, and they roll'd naked in the Gutter before Hundreds. Indeed (tho' no one was forc'd, yet) they all begg'd on their Knees that the People would knock their Brains out, or kill them upon the Spot, rather than so use them. Others affrighted, fainted away, others scream'd out, and cry'd out Murder; but all in vain. Tho' the whole City of *Exeter* rang with the Noise of the Drums and Pans together, with the Hollowings of the Multitude, and the Cries and Shrieks of the distress'd Women and Children; yet no Justice, Attorney, or Constable (that we could hear of) could be got to go down to read the Proclamation, or to appease the Mob. Between 11 and 12 at Night, a few of the Brethren and Sisters, who had till then hid themselves under the Seats in the Rooms, &c. by the Help of some Brethren who were got into them, made their Escape over the
Walls

Walls and Pales, and in at the Windows of the adjoining Houses, and then the Mob thought fit to disperse. Late at Night many of the Brethren and Sisters, after they had got out of the Persecutors Hands, came down to Mr. *Kennedy's*, and join'd with us in praising our Saviour for giving us Patience, and for delivering us safely; after which we parted very happy and comforted.

On this Evening, much Harm was done, and such indecent Treatment offer'd to the Women, that no modest Pen can declare, or chaste Ear hear, nor will it ever be known till the Day when every secret Thing shall be proclaim'd upon the House-top. A few of the Things which were suffer'd, I have here written, but the one half I cannot tell, for besides the ill Usage of some which cannot be committed to the Press, very many suffer'd who did not belong to our Brethren, and who did not care to have their Names so publicly mentioned. I receiv'd many Blows myself this Evening, and was treated rudely by all who could come at me; so was the young Man who was with me, who had his Hat taken off, and his Hair and Face dawb'd over, and fill'd with Filth out of the Street; but ours was but a little, compar'd to that which others endur'd. As Mrs. *Mary Small* pass'd by to go into the Society, the Mob set upon her, and one *John S—v—ge*, a Heiller, gave her two Blows on her Breast, and vow'd to give it her as she came out, if she was not pleas'd with that, and would have given her more then, but some more compassionate desired him not to kill her quite. As she attempted to come out, a little before Night, many threaten'd to murder her, and *J. V—c—y*, a Bailiff, seiz'd her, and damning her, call'd her by her Name, and violently pull'd her Hands to get her to the Mob, but some helping her disappointed him for a Time; but others coming with him, among whom was *John C—t—s*, a Porter; *Gregory G—r—t*, an Apprentice to a Printer; *Joseph N—c—t*, a Sexton of St. Stephen's Church; *John B—d—n*, a Parish Clerk, they forced her out, and having pull'd off almost all her Cloaths, the rest they put over her Head, and so abus'd her some Time,

Time, then in a most shameful Manner dragg'd her out before all the People into the Street, and roll'd her in the Pond which they had made before the Door, and while she intreated them to kill her, they damn'd her, and told her they would not kill her, but had well nigh broke their Word, for having dragg'd her to and fro thro' the Gutter, and kick'd her, and indecently misus'd her, she was ready to die; which when they found, they brought her into *Pancras Lane*, and said, *Damn you, ye Bitch, now run for your Life.* A young Man and a Woman seeing her lie almost dead in so distress'd a Condition, lifted her up, and carried her to her Brother's, where she recover'd; but was so lamed, that she could scarce walk the next Day. Mrs. *P. Hill* was met at the same Time by one who called her *Whitefieldite Bitch*, and swore he would have her Life; and having got her into the Street, he, with others, threw her down, and stamp'd upon her; while some us'd her most inhumanly and swore to rip her up, which she fearing, besought them for the Lord's Sake not to use her so, and then cry'd out *Murder!* One then ran to her, and took her up, and kick'd her, and bid her *go to Hell where she was going.* She was so shockingly bruised that she continued ill all Night, and bled much, and was made lame. As Mrs. *L. Sherry* was going into the Society, they cry'd out, *We have found her*, and seizing her, dragg'd her into the Street to and fro, where they had stem'd up the Water for that Purpose, while some rubb'd her Face with Lamp-black and Mud; thus they did till *John B——t*, a Heillier, took hold on her, and carried her a little forward, and there threw her down again, when some helped her up, and she escaped thro' the Crowd. As Mrs. *M. Paramore* came out, they threw Mud in her Face and Eyes, and then pull'd her about a good while, telling her if she would promise never to come thither again, they would guard her out; but she told them she should bless God that ever she had come thither, and with much Courage continued talking with them, till one was so mov'd, that he own'd he never had heard the Preaching, but if there was any more, he would come

come and hear himself with her, adding, if there be any Interest to be obtain'd in the Saviour, I'll seek to obtain it ; and from that Time he sought to shelter her, and made her creep under a Bench, and watch'd her some Time, but she hearing the dreadful Shrieks of the distressed Sisters, who were all that Time indecently and cruelly treated by the Men in the Court, could not bear to stay, and chose rather to die with them, or share their barbarous Usage, than to escape, and not seek to help relieve them ; desiring therefore leave to get out, she went to the others, mobb'd all the Way ; the young Man who seem'd so mov'd at her meek Behaviour and Words, pull'd off his Cloaths, and would have had her escaped in them. This she refus'd, but with his Handkerchief she tied up her Head, and got almost to the Door, where they us'd her most cruelly ; she then fell on her Knees, and begg'd them for God's Sake rather to kill her, then serve her so ; but they, quite without Pity, gave no Heed to her Cries, but one took an addled Egg, and first broke it upon her Head, and then rubb'd it over her Face. After which, as she was in the Passage, one *Richard B—k—r*, an Apprentice to a Joiner, brought a Handful of Dirt, and threw it all over her Face ; others were all the while pulling off her Cloaths, and tearing her Things ; the young Man went again, and fill'd both his Hands with Mud, and Filth out of the Street, and came and rubb'd her Cap and Head all over, and so spoil'd her Linnen, &c. A young Man, one of her Neighbours, seeing her so us'd, got in, and strove to get her out, when the Mob tore her Gown all into Rags, and *Richard B—k—r* following her, calling her *Cennick-ing Whore*, and vow'd to be reveng'd of her ; but the young Man, her Friend, got her quite away, lame, and a most dreadful Spectacle to all that saw her. As *G. Southward* was going in, she was push'd and tumbl'd about as the former, and was beat very much by them in the Entry, where a Boy ran with his Handful of Blacking, and put it over her Face, and at her coming out was pelted with Potatoes, &c. and thrust into the Dirt like the rest, and hardly escap'd their Rage.

Rage. Mrs. *M. Halls* was beat with Ram's-horns cruelly, and had her Cloaths tore off as she went in. And in the Court, as she came out, they got a Bowl and threw Water upon her, and the rest of the Women; when *John V—c—y*, a Bailiff, took hold of her, promising to defend her, and bringing her out to the People, left her to their Mercy, who again pull'd off all her Cloaths, save her Stays, Shift, and one under Petticoat, and push'd her about, as if they intended to have jostled her to Death; which a Man seeing, ran to her, and caught her, and carried her out to a neighbouring House, where they gave her a little Water, and some brought her Part of her Cloaths, and so they let her go, asking her where *Cennick and his Spirit* was. As *J. Smallacom* went in, the Mob said they would make her worship them before she went in, and so beat her, and caught her by the Head, and made her bow down, while she was thrust from Side to Side, a good while before she could get releas'd. After some were gone out, and were crying out terribly *Murder! Murder!* she with some others staid in the House, pelted with Stones, Horns, Potatoes, &c. About 9 o'Clock the Mob broke in upon them, tearing off their Caps, Handkerchiefs, and Cloaths, and beating all they found. One then desired some Sailors to take Care of her, and she would make them any Satisfaction, because they supposed she was ready to faint away. The Sailors did to the utmost of their Power, but could not bring her forth unhurt, for with the Abuses she fainted in one of their Arms, and he dropp'd her in the Street, where the People trampled upon her Legs and Feet, and lam'd her, and with the utmost Difficulty, dirty and weak, she got away. When *S. Buckingham* was sitting in the Society Room, one *John G—d—y* came to her, and pull'd off her Cap and Handkerchief, and tho' she mightily resisted, he used her very obscenely with another young Man, who took hold of her Hands, and forced her into the Mob. *John V—c—y* then abus'd her in the like immodest Manner his Companions had done, to whom she

she fell down upon her Knees, and begg'd him for Christ's Sake to let her alone; he then swore he would have her Heart's Blood, and us'd her in a most barbarous and inhuman Manner with his Hands; at the same Time the young *G—d—y*, said he would rip her open. Thus they behav'd till they were weary, when *John V—c—y* told her, if she would promise never to come there again, he would let her go; but she meekly answer'd, she would sooner die, and seeing she had but one Life to lose, she could not lose it for a better Master than *Jesus Christ*. Then *V—c—y* carried her out in the Street with her Cloaths held up, which afterwards the Mob tore all in Pieces, and beat her, and threw Dirt, and other Things at her, till she got to *Pancrass Lane*, where some assisted and deliver'd her.

As *A. Vougler*, a young Man, went in, they beat him, and pull'd off his Hat and Wig, and threw it in after him. As he came out they met him, and tore his Coat all to Rags, and cover'd him with Flower or Lime, took away his Wig, and beat him about a good while, and drove him back; but coming out again, they tumbled him down in the Street, and while they were abusing others, he got away.

S. Row, as she went in, was threaten'd by *Joseph N—c—t*, and as she stood in the Court was misus'd shamefully by 7 or 8 Men, who (upon her Intreaties for the Lord's Sake to forbear) left her them. As she came out, one *W. S—ll*, a Brewer, to whom she also begg'd for Christ's Sake to let her come by, pretended to be her Friend, and said he would have her out safe; but as soon as he brought her forth, he gave her into the Hands of the People, among whom one *B—ce* attempted to use her indecently, but was prevented by others, who threw her into the Water three Times, and shoving her about from one to the other, she got away.

Mr. Kennedy, as he came out, was struck by several, who caught off his Hat and Wig, and pelted him thro' the Crowds with Dung from the Street. His Hat he recover'd, but his Wig was lost till the next Day, when

one *Samuel S—p—r*, a Cabinet-maker, was found offering it for a Shilling, which some Gentleman hinder'd, till the Barber, which a little before had made the Wig, came, and demanded it away.

Mr. *R. Spencer*, as he went, receiv'd a Blow from two Ram's Horns, which he took from them that struck him, and got in, and while he was there, as he saw *Joseph N—c—t* beating Mr. *Kingson* in the Desk, he interpos'd, when the same *N—c—t* struck him several Times. As he came out, they black'd his Face and Linnen, and threw Things at him, and so with his Daughter he escaped.

As *M. Naron* went in, they beat her about the Legs with Sticks, and tore her Cloaths a little, but as she came out *Joseph N—c—t*, and others came with a Stick with a Horn tied at the End of it, and laid her on about the Head with it till her Breath was almost exhausted, and tumbling her about the Street, and tearing all her Cloaths, at last let her go.

As *M. Paice* went in, *Joseph N—c—t*, and *John G—rr—k* were standing in the Shop of the latter, and call'd to her, and others, and ask'd if they were going? and cursing them said, he would be after them by and by; and so accordingly he was, and swore Vengeance against them when they came out, but missing them he got to the Street, pelted by the young Fellows, and Boys, till a Gentleman took her in, and shelter'd her.

A. Perry was treated as the rest with Mud and Mortar thrown all over her, and after she was in, they threw Urine down from the Galleries upon her; and as she went out they dipp'd People's Hats and Wigs in the Filth of the Street, and rubb'd it in her Face with Blacking; then tore her Cloak, Apron, and Gown, and struck her with the Horns and Staves, and follow'd her all thro' the City, till they came to St. *Peter's* Church-yard, and there they fell upon her again, and threw her down upon her Face, but when she had recover'd herself, she rush'd thro' a Passage and escaped.

As *N. Mitchell*, in the Gallery, was trying to deliver

liver me, *John L—t*, a Barber, said, he would be reveng'd on him as he came down Stairs, and accordingly he black'd his Hands with Oil and Lamp-black, and daub'd his Face over, and then struck him on both Sides of his Face; and when he came out, the same *John L—t* follow'd him, huzzaing all the Way to *Southgate-street*, and there left him. While *M. Grigg* was trying to deliver her Brother, one came with a Staff and knock'd her down, and another struck her with a Stone on her Eye so violently, that since she received the Blow, she has not been able to see out of it for these many Days.

When *Mrs. M. Alexander* was in the Court, the Mob behaved very unhandsome to her, among whom was *Joseph N—c—t*, who talked impudently and obscenely, whom she intreated upon her Knees to kill her rather than use her so ill; when presently they left her, and a Woman that liv'd in the same Court had Compassion on her, and took her into her House; but soon after 8 Men broke in, and would have her out, breaking the Woman's Goods, and forcing her to cry out *Murder!* One *George W—bb—r*, a Tinman, pretended to be her Friend, and said he would take Care of her, and then winked to the Mob, as a Sign, and deliver'd her to them, who soon got off her Handkerchief and Cap, which they tore all to Pieces, and abus'd her altogether as indecently as they had done others; notwithstanding all her Cries, and bringing her out in the most shameful Manner, pelted her with Dirt, and Eggs, till she got thro' the Midst away.

As *Mrs. A. Bunker* went in, the Fellows with Sticks and Horns, strove to make her asham'd to all around, by attempting Indecencies; and as she came out, the Mob swore to have her, whom she pray'd not to use her shamefully, but to put her to Death where she stood rather. One *John S—v—ge* pretended Friendship, got her back into the Gallery, where he said she should be safe, but when he had got her there (tho' she pray'd him for Christ's Sake on her Knees, not to misuse her, telling him, *Mr. S—v—ge I am not a Whore, pray don't abuse me, you are a married Man,*

pray let me alone.) Yet he seem'd resolute to lie with her, which when she found, she told him, *I have but one Life to lose, and sooner than I will be thus used, I will lose it.* He still insisted and strove with her, and she manfully, and with Courage from the Lord withstood him, till he went away a little Space, and then she crept under the Seats in the dark Part of the Gallery, and hid herself, that tho' he came again, he could not find her; and at last, when she could no longer be conceal'd, after she had lain there more than an Hour, and was still hunted after by him, she trusted herself to the Lord, and leaped down from the Gallery, and hearing the Mob vow, and swear they would make an End of Mr. *Dyer*, she got up into a Chamber, over the Desk, where he was, and found him and others in the utmost Fear, when soon the Mob came. Mr. *W—bb—r* among them, whom they begg'd to shew Mercy to them, which he promised. But by the Time they could get down, some Brethren had got to their Assistance, and so over Walls, by the Help of a Ladder, they escaped thro' the Gardens backward.

As Mr. *J. Newman* went in, *John M—dd—r* took off his Wig, and by others he was thrown in the Dirt as he came out, and beat, and black'd till he got away.

E. Congbear was abus'd after the same Manner, and pelted with Potatoes, and her Face rubb'd with Bran, or Flower, so that she could not see, and was nearly stifled, and then they let her go.

While *E. Stoward* was in the Court, the Mob came swearing to have her out, and got the Cloaths dipped in Water, and Pans filled with the same, and threw over her, and her Companions, and when she ventured out in the Street, a Woman met her, and rubb'd her Face with Blacking, and then the Men got her out, and tumbled her down in the Gutter, and a good many fell upon her, and tore off her Handkerchief, and Apron, and rent them in Pieces, and so she escap'd.

Mrs. *H. Darby*, as she went in, was in like Manner insulted, they said they could crown her, and so with their Sticks beat on her Head, and push'd her about

about 'till she got free from them in the House; and when she, and several others, had strove to hide themselves from Place to Place, at last they went up into the Chamber, when at the Head of the Mob *John V—c—y*, the Bailiff, came and swore to have her down for the first, and took her by the Hand, and pull'd her along the Chamber; but her Sister being so ill with the Fright, she begg'd him to let her stay with her, to take Care of her; and some of the Fellows desir'd she might, but he damn'd them, and said, *Am I not your Head? bring her after me:* But when they did not obey, after he was gone down, he return'd, and curs'd them for not obeying his Orders; but she with some others, when some Brethren return'd, got over the Pales and Walls by a Ladder, and got away by 12 o'Clock at Night.

Mrs. *S. Peirson* was so struck on her Eye, that her Sight fail'd her for some Time. When she came out into the Court, one of her Acquaintance took her into her House, but the Mob headed by *John V—c—y* and *John S—v—ge* broke open the Door several Times, and swore they would have her; but she fell upon her Knees, and pray'd them to use her civil, which mov'd some young Men to defend her, who hid her behind the Door, and strove to get her up the Chimney, but it was too little: The Mob all the Time swearing it was Pity she should be favour'd, and all the rest so treated. After Ten, when the young Men watch'd an Opportunity, they convey'd her out safe.

Mrs. *M. Williams* (as she came to the Society) was thrown down in the Gutter by the Mob, who tore off her Cloak, and batter'd her with Potatoes, &c. and hurt her much. And while she was in the Court, the Mob threaten'd to drag her and the rest out one by one, and use them ill; she told them, if they sought her Life, they were welcome to take it, but would not go out; when a cruel Woman told them they should not stay in the Court, and they having no Friend, ventur'd out, and were beat like the rest; her Gown was torn quite to Pieces, her Hat pull'd

off, and bruis'd, and sore, she escap'd through the *Three-Tun Tavern*.

As *R. Naron* went into the House, she was assaulted by *John G—rr—k* and *Nat. T—gs*, and some others, who beat her Head upon the Rails of the Stairs, and struck her a Blow on one side of her Face, which left behind it a large Mark, and beat off the Skin: Then they beat her with a Horn on her Head, and would not let her go in, but drove her out thro' the *Three-Tuns*, after they had pull'd her Gown to Pieces, and pelted her with Potatoes, and black'd her Face, and threw some Water over her.

As *M. Hoar* went in, she was struck with somewhat on the Mouth, which made her Mouth bleed: After which they endeavour'd to toss her up and down, as they had done others, but she getting thro' escap'd into the House; and when she came forth, one said, *If she would go with him, he would take care of her*; which he did, till he brought her into the Street, and then he left her in the midst of the Mob, who us'd her in an indecent Manner, tho' she begg'd hard for Pity in vain a good while, at last one got her out of the Crowd; but others thinking she was not treated bad enough, brought her back, and threw muddy Water, and Dung out of the Street, in her Face, while some held her; and then stripp'd her of her Handkerchief and Apron, and then let her go.

As *H. Wood* came out, she was promis'd by the Mob, if she would go no more, should be conducted out safely; but she refusing to promise, they us'd her most shockingly indecent; and gave her such Blows, and Hurts, that she will scarce recover from them while she lives. She fell down in the Midst before them, and besought them either to let her go, or kill her; choosing rather to die, than be so ill treated: And then some forc'd her away, having been first well nigh kill'd, and having lost her Handkerchief; yet when she was brought out, in so forlorn and distress'd a Condition, few seem'd to shew the least Pity, but rather said, *She was one of them, and*
a strong

a *strong one*; and own'd it was a Pity she had not been kill'd; but let her go.

When Mr. *Knight* came out, one curs'd him, and smote him so hard on the Neck, that it swell'd, and pain'd him exceedingly, and then they threw Sticks and Dirt after him, till he got clear.

J. Harvey was also us'd unhandsome by the People in the House, and though she fainted away in their Hands, they behav'd the most vilely, and impudent. She was carried out at last by some, into the *Three-Tuns*, quite senseless; and so escaped the bad Usage at the Doors, which others met with.

Mrs. *S. Cholmley*, when she went into the Society, was beat about the Neck, and Head, with Sticks, and Horns; and being among some of the pretended Friends, they carried her into the dark Passage, and there us'd her very unhandsome, and threw her down with many upon her, when her Senses left her, and a Brother of hers came and would have rescued her; which they seeing prevented, by holding her; at which time they tore to Pieces her Gown, and Petticoat, and threw her down in the Gutter, when a Gentleman out of Compassion took her into his House.

M. Pothery also, when she was in the House, was thrown down by the Mob, and sadly misus'd; who afterwards pulled her out by her Legs, and then one thrust her into a House, where she staid till all were gone away.

When *S. Newbery* came to the Door to get in, a Fellow thrust her up against the Post, and hurt her very much. She came out with another, who fainted away; she being recover'd a little, they endeavour'd to get out, but the Mob pull'd them about, and beat them; using the like Indecencies to them which they had done to others, and with great Difficulty they got out of their Hands, through the Persecutors.

H. Lovelace, who was going in, received a Blow on her Face, and another on her Nose, which set it to Bleeding; but in the mean while the Mob pursuing Mr. *Cennick*, she got out without farther Hurt, only

they dirted her Cloaths. They threw Urine also upon *Ann Hofegoad*, and Pieces of Mortar, and us'd her like the rest of her Sisters. After a little while she got away, with one that was fallen in a Swoon, the more easily.

Mrs. *M. Crofs*, in coming out, was set upon by about 20 of the Men, and as they were going to be rude, she fell down before them, and said, *For my dear Saviour's Sake have Mercy upon me: I am a poor Widow with two small Children, don't hurt me for their Sakes.* Whereupon one who knew her, spoke to the rest to let her go, and getting her up backward by a Ladder, she got into a Window, and so escap'd.

W. Grigg was struck by several, and lost his Hat, and shared in the Dirt and Filth, thrown on all without Difference; but was not much hurt.

As Mrs. *E. Patten* was coming out of the House into the Court, some got round her, and pull'd off her Cap, and tore off her Hair, and then tripped up her Heels, nor suffered her to escape their impure Treatment; and would have carried her out, but that she held by a Pump, and cried out *Murder!* and then they desisted a little while; but soon others came and dragg'd her out, and laid her down in the Gutter, having torn her Gown to Pieces trode upon her, till two Friends took her up almost dead, and carried her into an Alehouse; where, after a great while, they brought her to herself a little, and then led her Home.

John Hingson was assaulted by *John L——t*, who black'd his Face, and struck him, and soon after others came upon him, who beat him very much; by whom also he had the Skirts of his Coat tore off, and was himself cover'd with Dirt.

As Mr. *Handleigh* came in, he was so ill us'd, that his Shoulders, Neck, Hat and Wig, were all over spatter'd with Dung, and Nastiness, and as he went out he was push'd down, and his Wig pull'd off, and he with the utmost Difficulty saved from their Fury.

While

While *John Churchill* was in the House, he was struck in the Face with a Piece of Mortar, and in coming out, was nigh being stifled in the Entry ; and as soon as he came out, all fell upon him that could, who got him down in the Gutter, and there tumbled him up and down till he was brought thro' the Company, and got away. When he was got into *Southgate-street*, one *John S—c—m*, a Shoemaker, came and struck him, and would have continued to have beaten him but some interrupted him.

Mrs. *E. Libby*, tho' a very antient Woman, was thrown down by the Servant of Squire *B—t* upon her Face, and abus'd in the Dirt, but one happily seeing her, got to her Assistance, and led her away.

Mrs. *J. Cannon* was also beaten and push'd about, and at last, when it was Night, got over into some Person's Yard, and hid herself in a Necessary-House till she heard some of the Brethren, and then came out, and was help'd to get away over the Wall.

As *John Reed* was coming out, he was push'd about, and struck several Times on his Neck, and receiv'd the common Mark, *i. e.* his Face all besmear'd with the Lamp-black and Oil ; then one who knew him help'd him to get thro', and escap'd. Afterwards, when he heard many of the Women were ill us'd behind in the House, he ventured back, with some others, and help'd them out over the Walls, and then, as he return'd, *Daniel C—t—r*, an Alehouse-keeper, gave him several Blows on the Breast with his Elbows, and push'd him about some Time, till looking in his Face, and knowing him, beat him no more, but let him go.

When Mrs. *Green* was in the Court, *George W—b—r*, with *John V—c—y* came to her, to get her out, but she begging leave to stay there all Night, the former said he would be her Friend, into whose Hands she scarce committed herself, but he deliver'd her up to the Mob ; which as soon as she found, she fell on her Knees, to intreat for Mercy, but all got to her that could, and shamefully hurt her, and would have set her on her Head, but that she

so earnestly begg'd for God's Sake rather to die, till they let her go.

One Mrs. S—— was in the Court with the Women at the same Time, when several Men came to her, and told her, if she did not go out she would be kill'd. As she attempted to go out, *John V—c—y* met her, and pull'd her out to the rest of his Companions, who all misus'd her, she all the Time crying out for the Lord's Sake to let her go. But they swore she came for such Treatment, and such she should have. Then with their Hands under her Cloaths, in the most indecent Posture, they carried her out into the Street, where she cry'd out bitterly, *Murder! Murder!* yet was quite unredress'd by all; and tho' one would have thought it would move, at least those of her own Sex to pity her, yet instead of it, a Woman ran up to her with a Stone in her Hand, and gave her a black Eye, and black'd her Face, and then they let her go, tho' she was so bruis'd, and made so sore she could scarce go.

On the Morrow after this Uproar, which was *Tuesday*, some few who had been Sufferers took out Warrants for apprehending some of the chief Rioters, who were bound over to the Quarter-Sessions. Other Warrants were obtain'd, but were serv'd, either not at all, or so negligently, that the Persecutors saw plainly most of the Men in Power, were in no Hurry to suppress the Tumults, which made them insult all who stirr'd out of their Houses; and after it was Night, it was with Danger of being murther'd, that any of the Society walk'd the Street. Even those few, who were bound over to the Sessions, join'd the others who were not, in vowing Revenge on the Brethren, and in the Midst of the chief Streets, Day by Day, follow'd them with Dirt and Dung, and rais'd Mobs of Women and Children upon them, crying out, *Where is your Justice? Where are your Constables?* Several were afraid to open their Shops, or look out of their Houses, because of their Threatnings; and not a few Men and Women were severely set upon and pelted

pelted by the Mob, as they pass'd along. Several Lawyers were consulted for Means to obtain Peace and Liberty, but many refused to act in the Matter, either for fear of the great Men, or the Mob; and when one or two had begun to consider our Complaints, and appear'd hearty in defending us, thro' others they were persuaded to drop the Matter, which they did, and so in the mean while the Mob reigned, and the Rulers sat still. I verily believe there scarce ever was a Mob so encouraged. A certain Magistrate affirm'd to one of our Brethren, that the Men who disturb'd us had as much Right to sing and talk in the Playhouse (tho' it was licens'd in the Bishop's Court) as I had; and that one of the Chief of the City would give it for Law, unless the Preacher also were licens'd. He was then put in Mind of the Baptists and Quakers, who were protected by the Toleration Act, tho' they were not licens'd; but these Instances he said the Government wink'd at, but that they, if disturb'd, could not be protected according to the afore-mention'd Act. This the common People took hold of, and therefore the more safely (as they thought) disturb'd us, as many of them confess'd in the Riots which were afterward. Some Gentlemen did all they could to strengthen the Hands of the Rabble, and whether against, or with their Masters Consent, many Men in Livery, well known in *Exeter*, were in the Riots always, and were generally some of the Chief of those who made a Noise, and abus'd us. Any unprejudiced Person may judge, if the whole Multitude of Persecutors did not think they were authorized to do as they did, when one of the Priest's Vicars, or Ministers, with several of the Singing Men, were mingled with them, and very many Gentlemen, who help'd to push about the sincere People; and when either they, or those of the meaner Sort, were told they were took Notice of, they of their own Accord told their Names, and where they lived, and so, as it were, bid Defiance to all we could do against them. One *A—d—ws*, a Servant to one of the greatest Traders in the City, told

told before Mr. *Handleigh*, and another, that Mr. *Ch—ve*, a Grocer, had given him Wine, and encouraged him to join the Mob, adding, that if they proceeded, 20 Guineas should not be wanting to assist them.

On *Wednesday* Evening, a Lad of about 16, who was one of the Brethren, and a Servant to one of the Aldermen, was set upon by the Mob, who thrust him about, and at last got a Rope round his Neck, and dragg'd him forward, till he was almost choak'd.

Two Women were also set upon the next Evening, by the Clerk's Daughter of *St. Thomas's*, who with others abus'd them in the Street, that from that Day they were afraid to go out of Doors. Indeed every Night we heard of some or other, who were in like Manner molested.

Threatnings of murdering People were used in the hearing of Hundreds, and not only so, but some threaten'd to burn down the Meeting-Houses, especially the Baptist-Meeting, because some few of that Congregation had appear'd our hearty Friends. Accordingly one Morning an Attempt was made by setting Fire to a House which stood next to the Street before it; but at Two o'Clock in the Morning it was happily prevented from doing much Damage. When they were extinguishing the Fire, they found a Bundle of Matches lighted at both Ends, which was thrown in at a Hole in the Window-Shutters. One on Suspicion, who had threaten'd to do this, was after a few Days taken up and bound to appear at Sessions.

On *Friday* Evening I ventur'd to preach at Mr. *Kennedy's* House, but before I had begun, while we were singing the first Hymn, a Constable came and told me, I was summon'd to appear before Justice *H—ll* that Evening, at Seven, of which it then wanted but a little. I first pray'd with those present, and desired them not to be frighted, but wait praying for me till I return'd; and then I, Mr. *Kennedy*, Mr. *Handleigh*, and 2 or 3 others, waited on the Justice, where I was told one *R—c—d* had offer'd to swear, that I collar'd him with my Hands, and shook him, &c. I heard

heard all he had to say, and answer'd it was not true, but that without any Violence I had touch'd his Arm when I desired him to go out. I believe both the Justice, and the Gentleman who serv'd for the Town-Clerk, saw my Innocency, and so neither suffer'd the poor Man to swear, nor examin'd me much about the Matter, but releas'd me. I thank'd them both for their Clemency, and we return'd, accompanied by some Hundreds of the Mob quite to *Southgate*. When I came to the Congregation, we join'd to thank our Master who had dealt so by me, in delivering me, and so parted comfortably.

We then thought of crying the Licensing of the House, but for some Reasons afterward, judg'd it better to let it be known by all other Means, which was done from the Time it was licens'd till *Monday Evening, May 13.* when we ventur'd to go again, expecting now to have great Peace; but Mr. *P—k—ns* had got his Drums and Horns as before, and many unhappy People mingled in with the sincere, who, in Time of Preaching made a Noise; and some Gentlemen continued talking aloud, and sometimes calling to me, while a great Mob was at the Door. Mr. *K—* and Mr. *H—*, with one more, then waited upon the Mayor to acquaint him with it, and to get, if possible, the Proclamation read, but in vain; the Mayor told them if they would get an Information in Form against any, he would receive it, but signified he would do no more; and when they press'd him to send a Constable to disperse the Mob, he answer'd plain, *I will not*, and so unhelp'd they came away. That Evening we staid, and saw all the Women safe out before we left the Place, and then escap'd pretty well, only a little dirtied, push'd about, and hollow'd all the Way home. On the next Morning we escap'd better, and hop'd now all was at an End, but in the Evening were soon undeceiv'd; we were so disturb'd within by the loud Noise of the Mob, and without by Mr. *P—k—ns* and his Company, that we were obliged to leave off, and get all the People out with great Difficulty thro' the vast Multitude, who appear'd as violent and

and audacious as at any Time before. The Mob then follow'd us all the Way to Mr. *Kennedy's* Gates, and then set up a loud Huzza, and left us. The next Day Bills were pasted up at different Parts of the Town, of several Sorts, some in mean Poetry, ridiculing the Ministers, and the most popular of the Society, and in the others an Account of a Tragick-Comedy, that was to be acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Cennick*, at the Theatre, to which would be added a Concert of rough Musick, &c. But tho' undoubtedly the Devil did by these Means seek to raise together a greater Mob the next Evening, yet he was disappointed, for none of us went that Night, nor indeed till I came away. One offer'd to pull down one of the aforementioned Papers at *Martin's* Gate, by the Church-yard, when two Men came up to him, and told him if he meddled with it they would beat his Brains out. This is a short Relation of what pass'd, of which in Part I was an Eye-witness; the rest I receiv'd by Word of Mouth from those who suffer'd. I will now only say, as touching the Cruelty used on some, I have not told half, nor can it be told. May all into whose Hands this Account shall come, be stirr'd up to pity us, and pray for those who were so persecuted, that they may be in nothing terrified, but rather rejoice; and for those who persecute, that the Lord *Jesus* may not lay their Sin to their Charge. Even so, *Amen*.

15 JY 61

F I N I S.